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M. adds. 48 e. 37

= E. 5. 1023

= A. 5. $\frac{3550}{37}$

THE FIRST PART
OF
THE CONTENTION.

THE FIRST QUARTO.

1594,

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A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY,

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS

WITH FOREWORDS EMBODYING THE LATE R. GRANT WHITE'S
ARGUMENT ON SHAKSPERE'S RIGHT TO THE WHOLE
OF 1 & 3 HENRY VI.

BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL.

LONDON :

PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

1889.

43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. Those by W. Griggs.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>No.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Hamlet. 1603. Q₁. 2. Hamlet. 1604. Q₂. 3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. Q₁.
(Fisher.) 4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. Q₂.
(Roberts.) 5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q₁. 6. Merry Wives. 1602. Q₁. 7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q₁. (Roberts.) | <p>No.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q₁. 9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q₁. 10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q₁. 11. Richard III. 1597. Q₁. 12. Venus and Adonis. 1593. Q₁. 13. Troilus and Cressida. 1608. Q₁. 17. Richard II. 1597. Q₁. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (Best version: text printed.) |
|---|---|

2. Those by C. Praetorius.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1800. Q₁. 15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q₁. 16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q₂. (Heyes.) 18. Richard II. 1597. Q₁. Mr. Huth's copy. 19. Richard II. 1608. Q₃. 20. Richard II. 1634. Q₅. 21. Pericles. 1608. Q₁. 22. Pericles. 1609. Q₂. 23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q₃. Part I.
(for 2 Henry VI.). 24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q₃. Part II.
(for 3 Henry VI.). 25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q₁. 26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q₂. 27. Henry V. 1600. Q₁. 28. Henry V. 1608. Q₂. 29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q₁. 30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. Q₁. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 31. Othello. 1622. Q₁. 32. Othello. 1630. Q₂. 33. King Lear. 1608. Q₁. (N. Butter, Pide Bull.) 34. King Lear. 1608. Q₂. (N. Butter.) 35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q₁. 36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. Q₄. 37. Contention. 1594. Q₁. (For 2 Henry VI.). 38. True Tragedy. 1585. Q₁. (For 3 Henry VI.). 39. The Famous Victories of Henry V. 1598. Q₁. 40. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part I. 1591. Q₁. 41. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part II. 1591. Q₁. 42. Richard III. 1602. Q₃. 43. Richard III. 1622. Q₅. |
|---|---|



[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 37.]

FOREWORDS

TO "THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION," Qo. I, 1594.

THE LATE RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S VIEW.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Parts 2 & 3 of <i>Henry VI.</i> are all Shakspeare's, p. iii 2. Greene part author of the Ground-Plays, p. iv 3. First lifted <i>Contention</i> bit, p. iv 4. Sample extracts from Marlowe (p. vi), Greene (p. vii), and Peele, p. vii 5. Best lifted <i>True-Tragedy</i> bit, p. viii 6. Comic Cade scenes (p. xi), compared with a bit from Greene, p. xiii 7. Specimens of the rejected bits of the Ground-Plays, p. xiv 8. Greene's ear-mark for <i>to</i>, p. xv | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 9. Marlowe's share in the Ground-Plays, small, p. xvii 10. The old passages retaind, are homogeneous with the new; while those rejected are inferior, p. xvii 11. Grant White's conclusion, p. xxi 12. His view of 1 <i>Henry VI.</i>, p. xxi 13. Another side to the question, p. xxii 14. Thanks to helpers, p. xxii <p style="margin-top: 10px;">Collation of Quartos 1 and 3, p. xxiii
Characters of the Play, p. xxvii</p> |
|---|--|

1. The last opinion which I have seen on the foundation plays of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* is also the feeblest. It is in the 7th edition of Mr. Hall-Phillipps's *Outlines*, 1887, i. 99, "that [theory] which best agrees with the positive evidences [of which there are none] is that which concedes the authorship of the three plays [1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*] to Shakespeare, their production to the year 1592, and the quarto editions of the Second and Third Parts as vamped, imperfect, and blundering versions of the poet's own original dramas."

This is surely a refuge for the brain-destitute. And if any want-wit can bring what he is pleasd to call his mind, to accept for a time this notion of the authorship of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*,¹ he must be left to grow out of it. A far abler man, the late Richard Grant White, put forth a much more reasonable theory in his edition of Shakspeare's Works, Boston, U. S. A., 1865, vol. vi. p. 403—468, "that *The First Part of the Contention, The True Tragedy*—and, probably, an early form of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* unknown to us,² were written by Marlowe, Greene

¹ Much more, that of 1 *Hen. VI.*

² Why not the "First Part" known to us?

and Shakspeare¹ (and perhaps Peele) together, not improbably as co-laborers for the company known as the Earl of Pembroke's Servants, soon after the arrival of Shakspeare in London; and that he, in taking passages, and sometimes whole scenes, from those plays, for his *King Henry the Sixth*, did little more than to reclaim his own."—p. 407. Mr. J. Russell Lowell adopts this view (Essay on Shakspeare). I shall abstract Grant White's argument.

2. Greene's sneer—to Marlowe, Lodge and Peele—at the 'vpstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and beeing an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the only Shakescene in a Countrey,'² is of course a sneer at Shakspeare, and a claim by Greene that he—if not also all or some of Marlowe, Lodge and Peele—were part-authors of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, in which "Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Woman's Hide" occurs, in York's speech, Act I, sc. iv. l. 137 (Fol. 1, *Hist.*, p. 151, col. 2 at foot).

Greene's Funeralls of 1594, Sonnet ix, says,

'Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him,
Nay more, the men that so Eclipt his fame
Purloyned his Plumes: can they deny the same?'

The True Tragedy was "acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants." Nash, in his *Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, publisht in 1593, says that Greene was "chief agent of the companie, for he writ more than four other," while Shakspeare is not known to have had any connection with Lord Pembroke's players. Greene's title to a share in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy* is, thus far, clearer than Shakspeare's.

3. "Are we then to reject the uncontradicted testimony of Heminge and Condell that Shakspeare was the author of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, and award to him only the lines and parts of lines which are found in those two plays, but not in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*, assigning all the others to Greene, or to the trio Marlowe, Greene and Peele?"

Grant White thinks not, and cannot understand how any intelligent reader of the four poets can seriously entertain the proposition. Nearly 3500 lines, entire or modified, are transferred from the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* to 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, forming nearly half of the former, and more than two-thirds of the latter. It is impossible to attribute to Shakspeare such wholesale "conveyance."

¹ Mr. White spells "Shakespeare."

² *Groats worth of Witte*, 1592.

The question is one of internal evidence. Let us then consider the character of the passages common to both versions.

The first passage of any consequence common to the *Contention* and to 2 *Henry VI.* is in sc. ii. of Act III., lines 188—231 (Fol. 1, *Hist.*, 135, col. 1):

- 188 { ¹ *Warw[ick]*. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh, 188 }
 And sees fast-by, a Butcher with-an Axe,
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
 192 But may imagine how the Bird was dead, 192 }
 Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?
 Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.
Qu[een]. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? Where's your Knife?
 196 'Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? Where are his Tallons?
Suff[olk]. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
 200 That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st,¹prowd Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.
 [Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.]
Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?
 204 *Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
 Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.
Warw. Madame, be still! with reuerence may I say;
 208 For euery word you speake in his behalfe,
 Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor!
 If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
 212 Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
 Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
 Was graft with Crab-tree slippe; whose Fruit' thou art,
 And neuer of the *Nevils* Noble Race.
 216 *Warw.* But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
 220 I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
 Make thee begge pardon for thy passèd speech,
 And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
 That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
 224 And after all this fearefull Homage done,
 Give thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
 228 If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.
Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 'Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
 231 'And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghost.

¹ The bracketed lines are taken bodily from the older play. Modified lines are marked with quotation marks. Lines unmarked are found only in the Folio.

If Shakspeare filched, here is the first example of his filching.
But from whom? Marlowe?¹ Greene? Peele?

"One of them, if any one; and they are the complainants.

But they cannot prove property in this gear."

"If it be possible that these lines are not Shakspeare's, it is almost certain" (says Grant White) "that they are neither Marlowe's, Greene's, nor Peele's." If Shakspeare did not write—'Blunt-witted Lord . . . Nevil's noble race,'—"the man who did it is yet to be discovered."

4. To prove this, Grant White then gives extracts from Marlowe, Greene and Peele, for comparison with the above quotation.

From Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Act I. sc. ii., p. 92, col. 2, ed. Cunningham :—

Barabas. Aye, policy ! that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.—

The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,

Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor* !

And here upon my knees, striking the earth,

I ban their souls to everlasting pains,

And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,

That thus have dealt with me in my distress !

I Jew. O, yet be patient, gentle Barabas !

Barabas. O silly brethren, born to see this day,

Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments ?

Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs ?

Why pine not I, and die in this distress ?

I Jew. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook

The cruel handling of ourselves in this :

Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Barabas. Why did you yield to their extortion ?

You were a multitude, and I but one ;

And of me only have they taken all.

I Jew. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

Barabas. What tell you me of Job ? I wot his wealth

Was written thus ; he had seven thousand sheep,

Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke

Of labouring oxen, and five hundred

She-asses : but for every one of those,

Had they been valu'd at indifferent rate,

I had at home, and in mine argosy,

And other ships that came from Egypt last,

As much as would have bought his beasts and him,

And yet have kept enough to live upon ;

So that not he, but I, may curse the day,

Thy fatal birthday, forlorn Barabas ;

And henceforth wish for an eternal night,

That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,

¹ Yes, plainly Marlowe. The exaggeration and the strain are far more like him than Shakspeare. See Miss Lee's Paper.—F.

And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes ;
For only I have toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity, and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me."

The Jew of Malta. Marlowe's Works, vol. i. p. 252, ed. Dyce
(p. 150, one vol. ed.).

Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England* furnishes the following verses, which are in his best style :—

"*Rasni.* So pace ye on, triumphant warriors ;
Make Venus' leman, arm'd in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
For you the viccroys are, the cavaliers,
That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness :
Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycus' silver-flowing streams ?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall ;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun ;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king ;
A hundred lords do honour at my feet ;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels :
And now t'enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judæa's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds," etc.

A Looking Glass for London and England. Greene's
Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 59.

Peele's plays afford no better lines than these from *David and Bethsabe* :—

"*Cusay.* The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever like the young man Absalon !
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak ;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men
Sustain'd the stroke of well-deserv'd death.

David. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death ?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these curs'd news the bloody darts
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast !
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon :
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs ;
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk

Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
 There let the winds sit sighing till they burst ;
 Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
 Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
 And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
 Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
 That held my dearest Absalon to death.
 Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
 Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
 To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

[Goes to his pavilion and sits close a while.

Bethsabe. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
 To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell.
 O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,
 Whose heart is pierced with thy breathy swords,
 And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs !” etc.

Peele's Works, vol. ii. p. 75, ed. Dyce (p. 484, one vol. ed.).

“ A comparison of these passages with that above quoted from *The First Part of the Contention* and the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* in common, will make it sufficiently clear to every reader that the writer of the former had instinctively adopted a principle of rhythm, and possessed a facility of thought and verse, and especially a dramatic freedom of diction, which are not indicated by either of the latter. But the comparison in other respects would not be fair ; for the passage cited from the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth* and *The First Part of the Contention*, is taken only because it is the first of any importance which is common to both those plays ; while the passages quoted from Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, are selected as being among the best in thought, rhythm, and diction to be found in the works of their several authors. They gain little, it is true, in any one of these respects, even if they do not suffer in all, by comparison with the passage from *The First Part of the Contention* ; but for the complete attainment of our end, they must be compared with some of the finer passages common to the earlier and later versions of the two plays (2 & 3 *Hen. VI.*), the authorship of which is the present subject of our inquiry.”

5. “ So little of *The First Part of the Contention* was retained without essential change in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, that, for the present purpose, it will be better to turn to the other play (*Tr. Tr. & 3 Hen. VI.*). The intelligent reader can note for himself, among the thirteen hundred lines which are common to *The True Tragedy* and the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, so many passages which in thought, diction, and rhythm are far superior to those quoted above from the works of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, that it is necessary to transfer but one to these pages for the purpose of immediate comparison. We have not far to look before we find the following lines in both the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*

(Act I. sc. iv.) and *The True Tragedy*. They form a part of a long and highly dramatic scene, which is taken almost bodily from the latter play."

3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv. 27—95 (Fol. 1, *Hist.*, p. 151, col. 1)—

- (" *Yorke*. Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,)
 ' I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage ! ,
 ' I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot. ,
 30 { *Northumb.* Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet* ! }
 ' *Clifford*. Ay,¹ to such mercy as his ruthlesse Arme, ,
 ' With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father. ,
 ' Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre, ,
 34 { And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick. }
 ' *Yorke*. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth ~
 A Bird that will reuenge vpon you all :
 And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
 38 Scorning what-ere you can afflict me with.
 Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and feare ?
 ' *Cliff.* So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further ;
 So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons ;
 42 So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,
 Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.
 ' *Yorke*. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
 And in thy thought ore-run my former time ;
 46 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
 And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice
 ' Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this !
 ' *Clifford*. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
 50 But buckle² with thee blowes, twice two for one.
 ' *Queene* [*Margaret*]. Hold, valiant *Clifford* ! for a thousand causes
 I would prolong a while the Traytors Life.
 Wrath makes him deafe : speake thou, *Northumberland* !
 54 ' *Northumb.* Hold, *Clifford* ! doe not honour him so much
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :
 What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
 For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
 58 When he might spurne him with his Foot away ?
 It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages ;
 And tenne to one is no impeach of Valour.
 [*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]
 ' *Clifford*. Ay, ay,¹ so striues the Woodcock with the Gynne.
 62 ' *Northumb.* So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.
 ' *Yorke*. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty ;
 ' So True men yeeld, with Robbers so ore-match.
 ' *Northumb.* What would your Grace haue done vnto him now ?
 66 { *Queene*. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*, }
 Come, make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
 That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
 70 What ! was it you that would be Englands King ?³

¹ Fol. 'I.'

² Fol. buckler. Qo. buckle.

³ Grant White wrongly includes l. 70 in the brackets. It is only found in the Fo., and should therefore be unmarked.—P. A. Daniel.

Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament, And made a Preachment of your high Descent? Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now? The wanton <i>Edward</i> , and the lustie <i>George</i> ?	74
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie, <i>Dickie</i> your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?	78
Or, with the rest, where is your Darling, <i>Rutland</i> ?	82
' Looke, <i>Yorke</i> ! I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood That valiant <i>Clifford</i> , with his Rapiers point, Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy ; And if thine eyes can water for his death, I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.	86
Alas, poor <i>Yorke</i> ! but that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy miserable state. I prythee grieve, to make me merry, <i>Yorke</i> .	90
What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles, That not a Teare can fall for <i>Rutlands</i> death?	94
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad ; And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus. Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance. Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport : <i>Yorke</i> cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne. A Crowne for <i>Yorke</i> ! and, Lords, bow lowe to him : Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on."	

[And so on to the end of the Scene.

"This fine passage exhibits, in a greater degree, the same on-flowing rhythm, the same unobtrusive skill in moulding emotional utterance into the symmetrical form of verse without constraint of its dramatic freedom, that appear in the extract previously made from *The First Part of the Contention* and *2 Henry VI.* [Act III. sc. ii.]. But it is also marked with a superior mastery of language and a more vigorous tone of thought."—p. 422.

"The imagery occasionally rises to the higher regions of fancy, where it soars with steady wing, in striking contrast with the fitful and extravagant flight which are characteristic of Elizabethan dramatic poetry of the middle period. *Margaret's* long speech . . . opens, too, with an image unsurpassed, almost unequalled, in simple grandeur and expressiveness by any other in the whole range of poetry:

'Come, make *him* stand upon this Molehill here,
That raught at Mountaines with outstretchèd Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.'

"What a thought to have sprung from the mere imagination [t. i. imagining by Queen Margaret] of a vanquished soldier placed upon a mound of earth to be insulted! And yet it is thrown off with as little apparent care as if it were the merest commonplace. Who was there in England before 1592 who scattered such jewels with an open hand? Marlowe, the only poet of that day who

could have even sought to grace his verse with such an image, would have compassed only a monstrous caricature of it.¹ No, there can be no doubt that in 1590 there was but one man living who could have written this passage; and that man was William Shakspeare."—p. 422.

6. (Grant White, p. 423.) "But there are other passages in one of these plays which must not be passed over in this examination. These are the comic scenes in prose of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*—those in which *Jack Cade* and his followers appear. These Scenes have a comic power which depends not merely upon whim, or drollery, or the laugh-provoking faculty; they are humorous presentations of a weak side of human nature; and having been true to that nature once, are true to it for ever. In the hands of an artist of even secondary rank, they would have been so stiffly overlaid with the costume of his own time, or of the time in which they were placed, that they would be without general interest now, as is the case, for instance, with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*. But the contrary is the case; and it is entirely owing to these scenes that a vulgar, destructive demagogue is called *Jack Cade*, just as a pompous, foolish justice is called *Dogberry*, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Of these comic Scenes, only a few passages were retained without some change in the later play."

From the First Part of the Contention
[p. 51 Facsimile].

Geor. My Lord, a prize, a prize !
heres the Lord Say, Which sold the
Townes in France.

From the Second Part of King
Henry the Sixth, Act. IV. sc. 7,
lines 22—56. (Fo. 1, Hist., p.
140, col. 2 at foot.)

"*Mes.* My Lord, a prize, a
prize ! heeres the Lord Say, which
sold the Townes in France; He
24 that made vs pay one and twenty
Fifteenes, and one shilling to the
pound, the last Subsidie.

Enter George [Bevis], with the
Lord Say.

¹ I contend, on the contrary, that the image is well within the reach of the man who wrote of Helen,

"Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss ! . . .
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena. . . .
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Marlowe's *Faustus*, V. iii., end., p. 82, col. 1.

The daring metaphor of the first lines, the lovely fancy of the last, are beaten by nothing in Shakspeare.—F.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum Lord!

What answere canst thou make unto my mightinesse, for deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more than so, thou has most traitorously erected a Grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the Realme,

and against the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou hast built up a paper-mill; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it!

And besides all that, thou hast appointed certain Iustices of Peace, in euery shire, to hang honest men that steale for their liuing; and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: onely for which cause, they were most worthy to liue.

Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry, I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honest man than thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet."

Cade. Well, hee shall be be-headed for it ten times. Ah, thou Say, thou Serge, nay, thou Buckram Lord! now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphine of France?

32 Be it knowne unto thee by these presence, euen the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth

36 of the Realme in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas, before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and, 40 contrary to the King, his Crowne and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face that thou hast men about thee that usually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable 44 wordes as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them about matters they were not able to answer. More-ouer, thou hast put them in prison;

48 and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them; when, (indeede,) onely for that cause they haue bene most worthy to liue. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honest men than thou go in their Hose and Doublets."¹

"Now, who was the playwright who, about 1590, (and rather before that date,) wrote this passage and others of the same character in *The First Part of the Contention*, and so brought the great comedy of human life upon the English stage? . . . Robert Greene was not only, according to Francis Meres, among 'the best

¹ "The other comic Scenes of which Cade is the hero are the 2nd, 3rd, and 8th of this Act. The reader will find them marked almost all through [in Grant White's ed.] with the inverted commas which indicate a rewriting of the old text; but the variation between the older and the later versions is never greater than in the passage above quoted, and generally not so great."

for comedy,' but according to Chettle 'the only Comedian of a vulgar writer in this country.'—*Kind Heart's Dream*. . . Let us see then the best that could be done by 'Greene.' The funniest speeches of his comic characters are generally unquotable . . because . . they abound in . . ideas physically impure." In the following passage, however, Greene is cleaner and cleverer than it was his wont to be.

"*First Ruffian*. Come on, smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the town is.

Adam. Come on, in faith, my colts! I have left my master striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clown. Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith with us?

Adam. Paltry smith! why, thou incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade?

Clown. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Nineveh.

Adam. A gentlemen! good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on him, the one was on working-days, and then he kept the town stage, and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard, rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *autem glorificam*, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruf. Well said, smith; that crossed him over the thumbs.

Clown. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

Adam. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee heartily, into thy scabbard; hold in your rapier; for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter.—Nay, then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him; for mark the words, 'a paltry smith'! O horrible sentence! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curials, jades, cuts, hackneys, and mares: whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse,—thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine own this seven year."—*A Looking Glass for London and England*. Greene's Works, vol. i. p. 65. Ed. Dyce [p. 119, one volume edition].

"This being the best that 'the only comedian' of England could do before Shakspeare came upon the stage, and with characters not unlike *Cade* and his followers, and on an occasion not unlike that in which the latter first appear, the reader can easily guess what must have been the 'style of article' turned off by inferior workmen; and he will not hesitate long in deciding to whom it is that the world owes the political economist who proclaimed that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that it should be felony to drink small beer." The conclusion of Grant White's Section III. is, that Shakspeare wrote in his nonage, parts

* *

of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and afterwards turnd them into 2 and 3 *Henry VI*.

7. Having askt why Shakspeare retained certain parts of the old plays (because he wrote them), let us enquire why he rejected other parts, and see if these were not both inferior to the portions retained, and also not of Shakspeare's writing.

"The following speeches in *The First Part of the Contention* were wholly rejected from the later version in the first part of scene iv. of Act I. of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*" (Grant White, p. 289) [Sc. iv., pp. 16, 17, Facsimile] :—

"*Elnor*. Here sir *John*, take this scrole of paper here, 1
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you, 4
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[She goes up to the Tower.

Sir John. Now sirs, begin, and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes *for to* obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes, 8

Witch. Then, *Roger Bullinbrooke*, about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon, all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels below, 12
And coniure them *for to* obey my will.

[She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.

Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp, I charge you, from *Sosethus* lake, 16
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye :
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda ! 20

* * * * *

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damnd poule. 31
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames !
Rise, *Iordaine*, rise, and staie thy charming Spels ! 36
Sonnes, we are betraide !" — *First Part of the Contention*, etc., pp. 17, 18.

Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

The following speech in the earlier version was rejected from the last part of Act II. sc. ii. of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* (p. 302), where only a modification of its last two lines appears [Sc. vi., p. 24, Facsimile] :—

"*War*. Then, Yorke, aduise thy selfe and take thy time ; 53
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose ;
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare, 56

Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues, 57
 To aide and helpe thee *for to* win thy right,
 Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
 That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke; 60
 For why, my minde presageth I shall liue
 To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king."—*Id. Ibid.*, pp. 26, 27.

This speech in the old version was rejected from the new, after "God save the king! God save the king!" Act IV. sc. ix. (p. 363), [sc. xix., p. 54, Facsimile, at foot]—

"*King.* Come, let vs hast to London now with speed, 23
 That solemne possessions may be sung,
 In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
 And triumphs of this happie victorie."—*Id. Ibid.*, p. 62. 26

"It is not assuming too much to say that the intelligent reader, who will compare these passages with the extract given on p. vii above (p. 417 in Grant White), from Greene's *Looking Glass for London*, can hardly fail to detect in the former the same poverty of thought, the same united meanness and exaggeration of style, and the same feeble monotony of verse which characterize the latter. But that the means of comparison may be directly present, I quote the following lines from Greene's *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*—"

"*Beli.* Thus far, my lords, we trainèd have our camp
For to encounter haughty Arragon,
 Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
 Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
 And burning towns, and sacking cities fair,
 Doth play the devil wheresome'er he comes.
 Now, as we are informèd by our scouts,
 He marcheth on unto our chieftest seat,
 Naples, I mean, that city of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about,
 And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
 To sack the same, as erst he other did.
 If which should hap, Belinus were undone,
 His country spoil'd, and all his subject[s] slain:
 Wherefore your sovereign thinketh it most meet
For to prevent the fury of the foe,
 And Naples succour, that distressed town,
 By entering in, ere Arragon doth come,
 With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery."

[Act I., p. 228, Dyce's one volume ed.] Greene's *Works*, pp. 13, 14, Ed. Dyce.

8. Grant White goes on (p. 430-4) to note the ear-mark of Greene—his frequent use of the Early English *for to* = to,—in the portions of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy* rejected in 2 & 3 *Hen. VI.* Shakspeare and Marlowe never use *for to* in their

genuine plays,¹ but Greene does it constantly: more than 60 instances were noted by Grant White, the phrase occurring frequently twice, once thrice, once 4 times on one page. In the *Contention* passage above (*Elnor*, p. xiv), *for to* occurs twice within 7 lines; and in the second (page xv, line 2) it again appears. In the *True Tragedy* it is in the rejected speech—

"*Rich.* Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* & young *Rutlands* death, 3
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made." 6
True Tragedy, 1595, sc. viii., Facsimile, p. 35 (sc. vii. Camb. ed.).

In this very short scene of 3 speeches and 14 lines, Shakspeare retained one speech of 8 lines in its entirety, while he rejected the one just quoted, of 4 lines. The retained lines are Clifford's answer to Richard's threat (*Facsimile*, p. 35) :—

"*Clif.* Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone. 7
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes, 10
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe :
And so haue at thee !" 13
Facsimile, p. 35-6. See 2 *Hen. VI.*, II. iv. 5-11 (sc. viii. Camb. ed.).

"Could two contiguous speeches be more unlike in all traits of thought and diction? What worthy reader of Shakspeare could have doubted that he wrote the eight lines that he retained,² and some other playwright the rejected four with the Pistolio-Nym-ic bombast, "Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart," even if we had not found in them "*for to* revenge"—Robert Greene, his mark?—and even if we did not find the following speech in the Induction to Greene's *James the Fourth*—" . . ay'l so lop thy limbs" (*Works*, ed. Dyce, ii. 74), . . . and in his *Orlando Furioso*, "*slice* the tender fillets of thy life" (*ib.* i. 21), and . . . in *The True Tragedy*, "shut thy gates *for to* preserve the towne" (sc. xviii., l. 7, *Facsimile*, p. 61), rewritten as "shut the gates for safety of ourselves," 3 *Hen. VI.*, IV. vii. 18. Moreover, Abradas, the pirate of *The Contention* (sc. xii. l. 51, *Facsimile*, p. 44), is known elsewhere only in Greene's *Penelope's Web*. The name is altered into 'Bargulus' in 2 *Hen. VI.*, IV. i. 107.

Grant White contends, in his § 5, p. 435-6, that Greene must have chosen for his sneer at Shakspeare—Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a

¹ It's in Qo. 2 of *Hamlet*, 'for to drinke,' I. ii. 175, but not in Fo. 1; in Qo. 1 of *Rom. and Jul.*, but not in Qo. 2, &c.—F.

² I don't believe it for a second, and am content to be an 'unworthy reader.' The latter speech is no doubt Marlowe's. See Miss Lee's Paper.—F.

Woman's Hide—p. iv above,—a line written by the upstart Shakspeare himself in *The True Tragedy*, as "otherwise the satire would lose the keenness proper to its edge, the sneer be without the venom ready for its sting."

9. In his § 6, p. 436—443, Grant White argues against Marlowe having had any large share in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*. He contends that Dyce's parallel passages (D.'s *Marlowe*, vol. i. p. lxii) from Marlowe's *Edward II.* (A.D. 1592) and *The Contention* (1594) and *True Tragedy* (1595) are due to these passages being borrowd from the latter plays, and not *vice versâ*,—in which case Marlowe must have heard them or seen them in MS. before his death in 1593.—He shows also how many parallelisms there are between Shakspeare and Marlowe; but he allows that the character of certain scenes in the old ground-plays warrants the conclusion that Marlowe wrote them, or had a hand in them, because such scenes, "though rejected or entirely rewritten by Shakspeare, and much inferior in kind as well as degree to other scenes not rejected or rewritten, yet in strength of passion, power of characterization, and high fantastic flight of fancy, mount far above the plane of Greene's pedestrian muse."—p. 442.

10. Grant White goes on to ask in his § 7, p. 443-9, Are the passages from the old Plays retained by Shakspeare in 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.* homogeneous with the new matter introduced by him into these dramas?

"In the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. sc. ii. [ll. 309—338], is the following passage (Fo. 1, *Hist.*, p. 136, col. 1), which is taken without any change of consequence from *The First Part of the Contention*—

- | | | | |
|-----|---|--|---|
| 309 | { | ' <i>Suff.</i> A plague vpon them ! wherefore should I curse them ? | } |
| | | Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, | |
| | | 'I would inuent as bitter-searching terms, | |
| 312 | { | As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare, | } |
| | | Deliu'er'd strongly through my fix'd teeth, | |
| | | With full as many signes of deadly hate, | |
| | | As leane-fac'd Enuy in her loathsome caue : | |
| 316 | { | My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ; | } |
| | | Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint ; | |
| | | Mine haire be fixt on end, as one distract ; | |
| | | I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban : | |
| 320 | { | And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake, | } |
| | | Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke ! | |
| | | Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste ! | |
| | | Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees ! | |
| 324 | { | Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes ! | } |
| | | Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings ! | |
| | | Their musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse, | |
| | | And boading Screech-Owles make the Consort full ! | |
| 328 | { | All the foule terrors in darke-seated hell— | } |
| | | [<i>uen.</i>] Enough, sweet Suffolke ; thou torment'st thy-selfe ; | |

And these dread curses, like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,	
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,	
And turnes the force of them vpon thy-selfe.	332
<i>Suff.</i> You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?	
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,	
Well could I curse away a Winters night,	
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,	336
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,	
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.	338

"Let this be compared with the following passage of the same play, Act V. sc. ii. [ll. 31—65, Fo. 1, *Hist.*, p. 145, col. 2], for which one in *The First Part of the Contention* is entirely rejected—¹

Enter yong Clifford.

<i>Cliff.</i> Shame and Confusion ! all is on the rout ;	31
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds	
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,	
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,	34
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,	
Hot Coales of Vengeance ! Let no Souldier flye !	
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,	
Hath no selfe-loue ; nor he that loues himselfe,	38
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,	
The name of Valour. [<i>Seeing his dead father</i>] O, let the vile world end,	
And the premised Flames of the Last day	
Knit earth and heauen together !	42
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,	
Particularities and pettie sounds	
To cease ! Was't thou ordain'd, deere Father,	
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue	46
The Siluer Liurey of aduised Age,	
And, in thy Reuerence and thy Chaire-dayes, thus	
To die in Ruffian battell ? Euen at this sight	

¹ "Here is the rejected speech [sc. xxii. p. 61, *Facsimile*] which Shakspeare very clearly did not write at any period of his life. I believe it to be Marlowe's."

<i>Young Clifford.</i> Father of Comberland,	44
Where may I seeke my aged father forth ?	
O ! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,	
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,	
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,	48
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,	
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,	
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,	
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,	52
And left not one of them to breath on earth.	
[He takes him up on his backe.	
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare	
His aged father on his manly backe,	
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,	56
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,	
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.	

- 50 My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares ;
No more will I their Babes ; Teares Virginall
Shall be to me euen as the Dew to Fire,
54 And Beautie that the Tyrant oft reclaimes
Shall to my flaming wrath be Oyle and Flax.
Henceforth I will not haue to do with pittie !
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke
58 Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Absirtis* did :
In cruelty will I seeke out my Fame.
Come, thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house :
62 As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
But then *Aeneas* bare a liuing load,
65 Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine."

"The latter! shows a bolder, freer hand ; but it is the same hand that we trace in the former, grown bolder in the confidence of power, and freer by the use of freedom. In the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. sc. ii. [ll. '163—195, Fo. 1, *Hist.*, p. 160, col. 1 at foot], the following lines, forming part of a speech by *Gloster*, are almost entirely new—

- 163 " ' *Rich.* And am I then a man to be belou'd ?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
Then, since this Earth affoordes no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare such
As are of better Person then my-selfe,
168 Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And, whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke that beares this Head
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
172 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues stand betweene me and home :
And I,—like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes and is rent with the Thornes,
176 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toying desperately to finde it out,—
Torment my-selfe to catch the English Crowne :
180 And from that torment I will free my-selfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry "Content" to that which grieues my Heart,
184 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers than the Mermaid shall ;
Ile slay more gazers than the Basiliske ;
188 Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
Deceiue more slyly then *Ulysses* could,
And, like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
192 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And set the murtherous *Machewill* to Schoole.

Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut ! were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. 195

"In Act V. sc. vi. [ll. 61—93] of the same play, the following speech by the same character is taken bodily from *The True Tragedy* (sc. xxv. *Facsimile*, p. 76); and not only does there seem to be no room to question that the two are coinage of the same brain, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover in them any evidence that they were not struck at the same time:—

"*Rich.* What ! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke in¹ the ground? I² thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death !
O,³ may such purple teares be alway shed 64
From those that wish⁴ the downfall of our house !
If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,⁵
Downe, downe to hell ; and say I sent thee thither :
[*Stabs*⁶ him againe. 68
I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,
Indeed, 'tis⁷ true that *Henrie* told me of ;
For I haue often heard my Mother say
I⁸ came into the world with my Legges forward :
Had⁹ I not reason, thinke ye,¹⁰ to make haste, 72
And seeke their Ruine¹¹ that vsurp'd our Right¹²
The Midwife wonder'd and the Women cri'de¹³
"O Jesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth !"
And so I was ;¹⁴ which plainly signified 76
That I should snarle and bite and play the dogge.
Then, since the Heauens haue shap'd¹⁵ my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
¹⁶ I haue no Brother,¹⁷ I am like no Brother ;¹⁷ 80
And this word "Loue" which Gray-beards call¹⁸ Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me ! I am my selfe alone.
Clarence, beware ! thou keep'st¹⁹ me from the light : 84
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ;
For I will buzze abroad such Prophetesies
That²⁰ *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then, to purge his feare, Ile be thy death. 88
²¹ King *Henry* and the Prince his Son are gone :
Clarence, thy turne is next, and then the rest,²¹
Counting my selfe but bad till I be best.
Ile throw²² thy body in another roome 92
And Triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of Doome.
[*Exit, with the body.*" (Grant White, p. 448.)

¹ into, Q. ² I had, Q. ³ Now, Q. ⁴ For such as seeke, Q.
⁵ remaine in thee, Q. ⁶ Stab, Q. ⁷ twas, Q. ⁸ That I, Q. ⁹ And
had, Q. ¹⁰ you, Q. ¹¹ ruines, Q. ¹² rights, Q. ¹³ The women
wept and the midwife cride, Q. ¹⁴ was indeed, Q. ¹⁵ since Heauen hath
made, Q. ¹⁶ Q. inserts a line : I had no father, I am like no father.
¹⁷ brothers, Q. ¹⁸ tearme, Q. ¹⁹ keptst, Q. ²⁰ As, Q.
²¹—²¹ *Henry* and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest.—Q.
²² drag, Q.

Grant White then refers again to the rejected *lop* and *slice* (p. xvi) speech, the one after it which is retained in 3 *Hen. VI.*, II. iv., and says that 'The similarity of the speech which Shakspeare wrote for the new version and that which he retained from the old, with the entire congruity and harmony of the whole Scene as he thus left it, cannot but strike every reader who will but turn to it.' (P) He then condenses part of Knight's well-known argument from the unity of characterization, specially Glo'ster's, in the three Parts of *Hen. VI.*, in further witness that Shakspeare had a hand in the shaping and the filling out of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*. (Grant White wisely does not include 1 *Hen. VI.*, as Knight does, tho' he weakens the force of this part of his argument by this exclusion.)

11. In § viii., &c., Grant White sums up: of nearly 6000 lines in 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.*, 3410 lines are taken bodily from, or based upon, passages in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*. If Shakspeare stole all these, his undisguised appropriations brand him 'with a plagiarism without a parallel in literary history, and inconsistent alike with his established character for probity and the spontaneous fertility of his pen.'¹ We can't believe that the best of these lines were written by an unknown man.² They are better than the best of Marlowe's known work, as the Cade bits are better than the best of Greene's. The old and new passages in 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.* are congruous, of like kind;³ unity of characterization pervades the personages of the dramas; therefore Shakspeare wrote the retained part of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*.

He, Greene, Marlowe, and perhaps Peele, according to the co-operative play-writing of the day, wrote these 2 old plays for the Earl of Pembroke's Company.—p. 458.

When Shakspeare re-wrote them, he rejected his fellows' work, and retained his own, adding to it and amending it, as any maturer writer would, on revising his earlier work. Until he was admitted by the Burbages to a share in the profits of their Company, it is not strange that Shakspeare should have worked for another like Lord Pembroke's, whose descendants were his patrons and friends. In his revision he retained 2299 lines of the old Plays, he wrote 2524 new ones, and of these new, 1111 are alterations or expansions of passages in the old.

12. Of 1 *Hen. VI.*, Grant White held the greater part to be by

¹ But he surely never claimed them all as his own, tho Heminge and Condell did, as they did the spurious parts of *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, &c.—F.

² Why not? Who wrote the King and Countess scenes in *Edward III.*, which Collier and Co. declare are Shakspeare's?—F.

³ "The part of Warwick especially remains essentially unchanged, except by additions of entirely new matter." So Shakspeare wrote the old.—p. 455.

Greene; the less by Marlowe, whose style is specially recognizable in Act. II. sc. .ii. and .iii.; while Peele probably wrote the couplets of IV. v., vi., vii.: their pathos¹ is his.

13. All Shakspeare students will admit that Grant White has a strong case, and argues it well. But there are two sides to every question; and on this one, Miss Jane Lee and others of us have since taken the other side. Her argument is in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, p. 219—311, and I shall use it in my Forewords to our Facsimile of *The True Tragedy*, Qo. 1, 1595.

14. I thank my friend and helper Mr. P. A. Daniel for his kindness in copying out all the extracts used in the foregoing pages, for abstracting part of Grant White's argument, and for lending me his copies of Qo. 1 collated with Qo. 3, to compile the following List from. To the authorities of the Bodleian Library for allowing Mr. Praetorius to fotograf their unique copy of the play, I am also grateful.

Freeford House, Tamworth Road, Lichfield; Aug. 1889.
and 3 St. George's Sq., London, N. W., 14 Nov. 1889.

¹ Is 'pathos' a misprint for 'bathos'?—P. A. Daniel.

CORRECTIONS.

p. 23, l. 2 (or 166), *for the read the*

p. 39, l. 5. *That is The altered in ink to That*

p. 43, l. 2, *for tills, read this: the foto shows that the original has been altered in ink.*

p. 54, at side; *for IV. xi, read IV. ix*

COLLATION OF QUARTOS I & 3 OF *THE CONTENTION*,
FROM MR. P. A. DANIEL'S MARKT COPY.

[*The italics, long s, &c. of the originals are often not reproduced.*]

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. i. l. 8	then the	twenty
„ l. 45	30	thirty day
„ l. 52	Vnckle of <i>Wincheſter</i> , I pray	My Lord of Yorke, I pray do
„ l. 53	<i>Cardinall</i>	<i>Yorke</i>
„ l. 63	all for	for all
„ l. 75	ſpent	ſpent quite
„ l. 88	Lord	Lords
„ l. 97	well you	you well
„ l. 119	Ruffin . . of	Ruffian . . of the
„ l. 184	grapple	grapple
sc. ii. l. 5	not thou	thou not
„ l. 11	no	none
„ l. 17	two	twaine, by whom I cannot geſſe : But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes God knowes
„ l. 18	the Cardinall of <i>VWincheſter</i>	Edmund Duke of Somerſet
„ l. 22	th'	the
„ l. 36	keepe	keepe it
„ ll. 38-9	<i>St. Dir.</i> Enters	Enter
„ l. 43	vs vs	vs
„ ll. 44-6	But ere it be long, Ile go before them all, Deſpight	As long as Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde : Were I a man, and Protector as he is, Ide reach to th' Crowne, or make ſome hop headleſſe, And being but a woman, ile not be- hinde For playing of my part, in fpite
„ l. 54	<i>Ely</i>	<i>Rye</i>
„ l. 63	they may	may they
sc. iii. l. 1	let vs	lets
„ l. 21	vnto	to
„ l. 33	this	this thing
„ l. 34	what	what's
„ l. 51	nor	to
„ l. 54	takes	take
„ l. 64	to	into
„ l. 71	wonne	one
„ l. 74	thinke	thinkes
„ l. 88	ouer	ore
„ l. 90	that thou waſt	thou waſt a
„ l. 112	Maieſtie	worſhip
„ l. 113	Cod	God
„ l. 116	my Lord	maſter
„ l. 120	Maieſtie	worſhip
„ l. 126	Which ſhall be on the thirtieth of this month	(<i>omitted</i>)

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. iii. l. 130	to	for to
„ l. 145	vvert . . . to	vvert . . . too
„ l. 155	ouer	ore
sc. iv. l. 25	awayt	awaites
„ l. 34	Stykes	Stix
„ l. 37	Sonnes	Zounds
sc. v. l. 9	done	do
„ l. 10	He knowes his maister loues to be aloft	They know their master sores a Faul- cons pitch
„ l. 11	it is	it's
„ l. 12	can sore . . . Falkons pitch	sores . . bird can sore
„ l. 18	common-	Gommon-
„ l. 20	doate	do't
„ l. 23	it	't
„ l. 33	darest	dar'st
„ l. 47	Faith	Gods mother
„ l. 53	his	the
„ l. 58	<i>Humphrey</i>	[left out]
„ l. 59	sir	please your Maiesty
„ l. 63	art thou	are
„ ll. 67, 70	Wart	Wert
„ l. 80	Why red	Red
sc. vi. l. 11	Edmund of Langley	William of Hatfield
„ l. 12	Duke of Yorke	Who dyed young.
„ l. 16	Roger Mortemor, Earle of March	Edmund of Langley Duke of York. [See l. 22 in Qo. 1.]
„ ll. 17-18	sir Thomas of Wood- stocke. William of Winsore vvas the seuenth and last.	William of Windsore, Who dyed young. The seauenth and last was Sir Thomas of Woodstocke, Duke of York.
„ l. 19	he died . . and left	dyed . . leauing
„ l. 20	Richard that aftervwards vvas King, Crovvnde	two sonnes, Edward borne at Ango- lesme, who died young, and Richard that was after crowned King
„ l. 21	and he	who
„ l. 22	Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him tvo daughters, Anne and Elinor.	[left out here: but see l. 16 above]
„ l. 24-5	behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that vvas after . . my father, and	him one only daughter named Phillip, who was . . Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vlster: and so
„ l. 27	the third . . . In the	third . . the
„ l. 36	done	putte
„ l. 42	What plaine	What
sc. vii. ll. 3, 4	States . . crimes	State . . crime
„ l. 33	my	this my
„ l. 48	affeard	affraid
„ l. 70	and Peter	Peter
sc. viii. l. 27	Then	The
„ l. 45	ouer	ore
„ l. 51	can	canst

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. viii. l. 55	is sodeine	is — —
„ l. 60	Standly	Stanly
„ l. 72	Closter	Gloster
sc. ix. <i>St. Dir.</i> l. 2 and the	the	the
„ l. 4	that	the
„ l. 8	And	yet
„ l. 11	And . . . grace	[left out]
„ l. 17	it	t
„ l. 42	am I	I am
„ l. 45	By	Through
„ l. 47	helpe me	me helpe
„ l. 87	be well	be
„ l. 90	ignominious	ignominious
„ l. 92	I but	But
„ l. 125	No.	Yorke. No
„ l. 138	very	[left out]
„ l. 140	And . . . goe	[Put in its right place, as l. 137]
„ l. 156	fortune against	fortunes 'gainst
„ l. 163	I wil	I'lle
„ between l. 176 and 177 [not in]		(For he is like him euery kinde of way)
sc. x. l. 12	against	'gainst
„ l. 17	Gloster is	of Glosters
„ l. 28	silly	[left out]
„ l. 32	you	y'
„ l. 68	twas	tis
„ l. 70	you	ye
„ l. 78	your	his
„ l. 81	But . . . [?] case	Yet . . . ease
„ l. 105	meants	meantst
„ l. 108	thy soule	thee downe
p. 39, l. 3	Salbury	Salisburie
[sc. x. l. 117	'That' is alterd from	'The' of the original.]
„ l. 132	louing	kinde
„ l. 151	leaue fast	leane fac'd
„ l. 162	scrike-oules	scritch-owles
„ l. 188	sometime	sometimes
„ l. 200	could I, could I	could I
„ l. 203	thy	my
sc. xi. l. 8	strong	[left out]
„ ll. 15-16 <i>St. Dir.</i> The Cardinall		Car.
„ l. 21	be	[left out]
sc. xii. l. 15	Water	Walter
sc. xiii. l. 11	aperne	apron
„ l. 12	more	else
„ l. 17	all be	be al
„ l. 25	Nicke	Dicke
„ l. 26	Brases	Lacies
„ l. 27	VVill	Nicke
„ l. 31	for	[left out]
„ l. 32	for . . . no	because . . . no other
„ l. 43	and if	if
„ l. 47	comes	come
„ l. 58	Sonnes	Zounds
„ ll. 60, 61	you . . . tell you	ye . . . tell ye
„ l. 62	oth	ore the

xxvi COLLATION OF QOS. 1 AND 3 OF 'THE CONTENTION.'

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. xiii. l. 63	you	ye
" l. 66	true	truly
" l. 68	hes . . penny-	he has . . pen and
p. 47, first <i>St. Dir.</i>	before l. 79. 'He Knights <i>Dicke Butcher</i> .'	put after l. 80, as 'He Knights him.'
sc. xiii. l. 85	but	[left out]
" l. 100	twas	was
" l. 102	testifie	testifie it
sc. xiv. <i>St. Dir.</i>	Alarums . . and Sir . . is	Alarmes . . where Sir . . are both
" l. 1	valianly	valiantly
" l. 4	.Thou	,and thou
" l. 5	for to	and to
sc. xv. l. 5	<i>Reade</i> . Yet . . one	Yet . . once
sc. xvi. <i>St. Dir.</i>	Lord	Sord
" "	Enter three or foure Citizens below	[left out]
" l. 11	I will	will I
sc. xviii. l. 1	some	[left out]
" l. 2	of the	of
" l. 12	should parchment	parchment should
" l. 20	go with me, and	[left out]
" l. 34	that . . . of	this . . . of the
" l. 53	I lost not	nor lost I
" l. 56	head, as who	head at vs, as who wouldst
" l. 70	squench	quench
" l. 76	and and	and
" l. 80	hees	he is
" l. 81	of his	on 's
" l. 82	cut;	and cut
" l. 88	this	these
" l. 106	a word	[left out]
" l. 115	want	wants
" l. 118	and	and then
sc. xix. l. 5	be it	be
" l. 16	by that	by these
sc. xx. <i>St. Dir.</i>	maister	M.
" l. 8	Astridge	Estridge
" l. 16	and I	if I
" l. 18	neuer shall . . . doth stand	shall neuer . . . stands
" l. 21	combat	combat with
" l. 24	beseech God . . maist	would . . . mightst
" l. 32	it	this
sc. xxi. l. 8	Messenger	Mffenger
" l. 25	but so	then so
" l. 60	sir	[left out]
" l. 86	<i>Yorke</i> .	<i>King</i> .
p. 59, <i>First St. Dir.</i>	l. 2, other	other doore
sc. xxi. l. 125	renowned	renowned
sc. xxii. l. 1	breathe thy last	tumble in thy blood
" l. 44	may I	I may
" l. 66	a Parliament	up a Parliament
sc. xxiii. <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>Yorke</i> .	<i>Yorke, Edward</i> ,
" l. 14	sprited	sprited
" l. 28	etetmes	eterniz'd

**THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY IN THEIR ORDER
OF ONCOMING.**

- King HENRY the SIXT, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. v, p. 18; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 35; Sc. xi, p. 42; Sc. xv, p. 49; Sc. xix, p. 54; Sc. xxi, p. 57.
- HUMPHREY, Duke of *Gloster*, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. ii, p. 8; Sc. iii, p. 13, 15; Sc. v, p. 18; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. viii, p. 27; Sc. ix, p. 31; Sc. x, p. 35, 37.
- The Duke of SOMMERSET, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 35; Sc. xix, p. 54; Sc. xxi, p. 57; Sc. xxii, p. 59.
- The Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. iv, p. 17; Sc. v, p. 22; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 29; Sc. x, p. 35; Sc. xviii, p. 53; Sc. xx, p. 56; Sc. xxi, p. 59; Sc. xxii, p. 62.
- Cardinal BEWFORD of *Winchester*, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. v, p. 18; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 35; Sc. xi, p. 42.
- The Duke of YORKE, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. iv, p. 17; Sc. vi, p. 23; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. xxi, p. 56; Sc. xxii, p. 59; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
- The Marquesse, next Duke, of SUFFOLKE, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 11; Sc. v, p. 18; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 35, 36; Sc. xii, p. 42. His head, Sc. xv, p. 49.
- Queene MARGARET, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 11; Sc. v, p. 18; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 35; Sc. xv, p. 49; Sc. xix, p. 54; Sc. xxi, p. 57.
- The Earle of SALISBURY, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. vi, p. 23; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 36, 39; Sc. xi, p. 42; Sc. xxi, p. 59; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
- The Earle of WARWICKE, Sc. i, p. 3; Sc. vi, p. 23; Sc. vii, p. 25; Sc. ix, p. 30; Sc. x, p. 36; (with *Drumme and Souldiers*) Sc. xxi, p. 59; Sc. xxii, p. 59; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
- Dame ELLANOR COBHAM, Duchess of *Gloster*, Sc. ii, p. 13; Sc. iii, p. 13; Sc. iv, p. 16; Sc. vii, p. 25; Scene viii, p. 27.
- A *Messenger*, Sc. ii, p. 9; Sc. ix, p. 33; Sc. xv, p. 49.
- Sir JOHN HUM, Sc. ii, p. 10; Sc. iv, p. 16.
- Two *Petitioners*, Sc. iii, p. 11.
- PETER THUMP, the *Armourers* man, Sc. iii, p. 11, 14; Sc. vii, p. 26.
- One or two *Attendants*, Sc. iii, p. 12; One, Sc. iv, p. 18; Sc. v, p. 19.
- HORNOR, the *Armourer*, Sc. iii, p. 14; Sc. vii, p. 26.
- ROGER BULLENBROOKE, a *Coniurer*, Sc. iv, p. 16.
- MARGERY IOURDAINE, a *Witch*, Sc. iv, p. 16.
- The *Spirit* ASKALON, Sc. iv, p. 15.
- The *Maïor of Saint Albones*, and his Brethren, with Musicke, Sc. v, p. 18.
- SANDER, the *Poore Man* that had bene blind, Sc. v, p. 19.
- A *Beadle of Saint Albones*, Sc. v, p. 21.
- Officers* of the King, Sc. vii, p. 25;
- 3 *Neighbour*s of HORNOR the *Armourer*, Sc. vii, p. 26.

- The Armourer's Drum*, Sc. vii, p. 26.
Peter Thump's Drum, Sc. vii, p. 26.
 ROBIN, WILL, TOM, 3 *Prentises*, friends of Peter Thump, Sc. vii, p. 26 (? as Rebels, Sc. xiii, p. 45).
Seruingmen of Duke *Humphrey*, Sc. viii, p. 27.
The Sheriffes of London, Sc. viii, p. 27.
 Sir JOHN STANDLY, and Officers, Sc. viii, p. 27.
A Herald of Armes, Sc. viii, p. 29 ; Sc. xiii, p. 48.
Two Heralds, Sc. ix, p. 29.
The Cardinal's Men, Sc. ix, p. 30, 32.
Two Smotherers of Duke *Humphrey*, Sc. x, p. 35.
The Commons, Sc. x, p. 38, 39.
 VAWSE, Sc. x, p. 40-1.
The Captaine of the Ship, Sc. xii, p. 42.
The Maister, and the *Maisters Mate*, Sc. xii, p. 42.
 WATER WHICKMORE, Sc. xii, p. 42.
 2 *Prisoners*, Sc. xii, p. 43.
Rebels, Sc. xiii, p. 45 ; Sc. xiv, p. 48 ; Sc. xvii, p. 50 ; Sc. xviii, p. 51 ; Sc. xix, p. 54 :—
 IACK CADE, the Diar of Ashford, as Sir | ROBIN the Sadler (p. 52).
 Iohn Mortemer, Sc. xiii, p. 47 ; | MATHEW GOFFE (p. 50).
 with Eyden, Sc. xx, p. 55. His | NICKE.
 head, Sc. xxi, p. 57. | HARRY.
 GEORGE (p. 51). | TOM, p. 46.
 DICKE the Butcher, Sir Dicke Butcher, | GREGORY, & the Rest.
 Sc. xiii, p. 47. | WILL, p. 46.
 EMANUELL, the *Clarke of Chattam*, Sc. xiii, p. 46.
 Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, & his Brother, Sc. xiii, p. 47 ; Sc. xiv, p. 48.
 His *Drumme* and *Souldiers*, Sc. xiii, p. 47.
 Lord SAY, Sc. xv, p. 49 ; Sc. xviii, p. 51. His head and Sir IAMES CROMERS, Sc. xviii, p. 53.
 Lord SKAYLES, Sc. xvi, p. 49.
 3 or 4 *Citizens of London*, Sc. xvi, p. 49.
 A *Sargiant*, Sc. xviii, p. 52.
 Lord CLIFFORD, the Earle of *Comberland*, Sc. xviii, p. 53 ; (with *Drumme* and *Souldiers*) Sc. xxi, p. 58 ; Sc. xxii, p. 59.
 ALEXANDER EYDEN, and his *Men*, Sc. xx, p. 55 ; Sc. xxi, p. 57.
 EDWARD, the Earle of MARCH, the Duke of *Yorkes sonne*, (with *Drumme* and *Souldiers*) Sc. xxi, p. 58 ; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
 Crook-backe RICHARD, the Duke of *Yorkes sonne*, Sc. xxi, p. 58 ; Sc. xxii, p. 59, 61 ; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
 Young CLIFFORD, Sc. xxi, p. 58 ; Sc. xxii, p. 61.
Attendants on all the Nobles in every Scene they are in.

THE
First part of the Con-

tention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke
and Lancaster, with the death of the good
Duke Humphrey:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of
Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall
of *Vinchester*, vvith the notable Rebellion
of *Iacke Cade*:

*And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the
Crowne.*



L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

1 5 9 4.



THE FIRST PART OF THE CON- TENTION OF THE TWO FAMOUS

Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster*, with the death of
the good Duke *Humphrey*.

2 Hen. VI.
I. i.

Sc. i.

*Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixth, and Humphrey Duke of
Gloster, the Duke of Sommerfet, the Duke of Buckingham, Car-
ainall Bewford, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of
Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and
Warwicke.*

Suffolke.



4
8
12
15
S by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie *Towres*,
In presence of the Kings of *France & Cysile*,
The Dukes of *Orleanse, Calabar, Brittain, and Alencon*.
Seven Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espoused,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuers vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your grations excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent :
The happiest gift that ever Marquesse gaue,

A 2

The

The first part of the contention of the two famous
The fairest Queene that euer King posselt.

King. Suffolke arise.

Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kisse: Oh gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulness,
For in this beautilous face thou hast bestowde
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene. Th'excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then becommes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

Kin. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene *Margaret* sit down by my side:
And vnckle *Gloster*, and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

All. Long liue Queene *Margaret*, Englands happinesse.

Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King *Charles*,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

Humphrey. Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French King
Charles, and *William de la Pole*, Marquesse of *Suffolke*, Emba-
sador for *Henry* King of England, that the said *Henry* shal wed
and espouse the Ladie *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of
Naples, *Cyffels*, and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her Queene of Eng-
land, ere the 30 of the next month.

Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutches of *An-
ioy* and of *Maine*, shall be releas'd and deliuered ouer to the
King her fa.

Duke *Humphrey* lets it fall.

Kin. How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.
Humphrey.

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Humph. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

Vnckle of *Winchester*, I pray you reade on.

Cardinall. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the
Duches of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall be released and deliuc-
red ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King
of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

King. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We
here create thee first Duke of *Suffolke*, & girt thee with the
sword. Cofin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from
being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months
be full expire.

Thankes vnckle *VVinchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *So-*
merfet, *Salsbury* and *VVarnicke*.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde.

Exet King, Queene, and *Suffolke*, and Duke
Humphrey staies all the rest.

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother *Henry* toyle himsele,
And waste his subiects for to conquire *France*?
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For *Suffolke* he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath given away for our King *Henries* Queene,
The Duches of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,
Reuersing Monuments of conquered *France*,
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

Card. Why how now cofin *Gloster*, what needs this?

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As

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+ 110

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+ 102

+ 103

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

84

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my prefence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

88

Exet Duke Humphrey.

92

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humphrey*.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smoothe Duke *Humphrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

96

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104

Exet Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cofen of *Somerfet* be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somerfet. Thanks cofin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue Duke *Humphrey* from his seate.

108

Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

112

Exet Buckingham and Somerfet.

Salisb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,

115

My

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

116. My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
 Off haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
 Swear, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,
 More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
 120. Cofin *Yorke*, the victories thou hast wonne,
 In *Ireland*, *Normandie*, and in *France*,
 Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
 And thou braue *VVarwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
 124. Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping
 Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
 The reuerence of mine age, and *Nenels* name,
 Is of no litle force if I command,
 128. Then let vs ioine all three in one for this,
 That good Duke *Humphrey* may his state possesse,
 But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.
VVarw. For griefe that all is lost that *VVarwick* won,
 132. Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
 Why *VVarwick* did win them, & must that then which we wonne
 with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.
 136. *Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to
 haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King *Henry*
 giues away his owne.
Salf. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.
VVar. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,
 140. Which *VVarwicke* by maine force did win from *France*,
 Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from *France*, or else be slaine.
Exet Salisbury and Warwicke.
Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
 144. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
 Euen as I haue of fertill England.
 A day will come when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
 And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
 148. And make a show of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*:
 And vwhen I spie aduantage, claime the Crovvne,
 For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:

Nor

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 † 193, 198
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 † 117-18
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2 Hen. VI.

I. i.

244

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256

The first part of the contention of the two famous
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor vvaare the Diademe vpon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne:
 Then *Torke* be still a while till time do serue,
 Watch thou, and wake vwhen others be asleepe,
 To pric into the secrets of the state,
 Till *Henry* farseeing in ioyes of loue,
 With his nevv bride, and *Englands* dear bought queene,
 And *Humphrey* vwith the Peeres be false at iarres,
 Then vvill I raise aloft the milke-vwhite Rose,
 With vvhole svvete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
 And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Torke*,
 To graffe vwith the House of *Lancaster*:
 And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
 Whose bookeish rule hath puld faire *England* dovvne.

*Exet Torke.*Sc. i.

152

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164

I. ii.

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Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
 Hanging the head at *Cearies* plentious load,
 What seest thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crowne?
 Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
 Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
 Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?
 Then vvhat shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.
Humph. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
 To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,
 But I vvas troubled vvith a dreame to night,
 And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Elnor. What drempt my Lord. Good *Humphrey* tell it me,
 And ile interpret it, and vvhen thats done,
 Ile tell thee then, vvhat I did dreame to night.

Humphrey. This night vvhen I vvas laid in bed, I dreamt that
 this

Sc. ii.

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12

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *VVinchester*,
And *VVilliam de la Poule* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of *Glosters* groue,
Shall for th'offence, make forfeit of his head.

But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreamt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At *Westminster*, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and *Queenes* are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

Humphrey. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protector's wife belon'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor How now my Lord, What angry with your *Nell*,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Humphrey. Nay *Nell*, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. And it please your grace, the King and *Queene* to
morrow morning will ride a hawking to *Saint Albones*,
and craues your company along with them.

Humphrey. With all my heart, I will attend his grace :
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

Exet Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

B

Enter

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† 26-8
† 29
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† 36
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† 40
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† 43
† 44
† 47
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† 52
† 53-4
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† 56-8
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† 66

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Enter fir *Iohn Hum*.

+68	What fir <i>Iohn Hum</i> , what newes with you?	48
+70	<i>Sir Iohn</i> . Iesus preserue your Maiestie.	
+	<i>Elnor</i> . My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.	
+72	<i>Ser Iohn</i> . I, but by the grace of God & <i>Hums</i> aduise,	
+	Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.	52
+	<i>Elnor</i> . What hast thou conferd with <i>Margery Iordaine</i> , the	
+76	cunning Witch of <i>Ely</i> , with <i>Roger Bullingbrooke</i> and the	.
	rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?	
+	<i>Sir Iohn</i> . I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise	56
+	a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your	
+80	grace all questions you demaund.	
*	<i>Elnor</i> . Thanks good fir <i>Iohn</i> . Some two daies hence I gesse	
*	Will fit our time, then see that they be here:	60
*	For now the King is ryding to Saint <i>Albomes</i> ,	
*	And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,	
*	When they be gone, then safely they may come,	.
*	And on the backside of my Orchard heere,	64
*	There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,	
*	And so resolute vs of the thing we wish,	
*	Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.	
	<i>Exet Elnor</i> .	
+88-9	<i>Sir Iohn</i> . Now fir <i>Iohn Hum</i> , No words but mum.	68
+90	Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,	
*	These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,	
*	The Duches she thinks now that all is well,	
+93	But I haue gold comes from another place,	72
+98	From one that hyred me to set her on,	
+99	To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,	
+101	And that is the mightie Duke of <i>Suffolke</i> .	
*	For he it is, but I must not say so,	76
+105	That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,	
+99	Who now by Cuniurations thinks to rise.	
*	But whist fir <i>Iohn</i> , no more of that I trow,	79

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Sc.ii.

80

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.
For feare you lose your head before you goe.

Exet.

Sc.iii.

Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the
Armourers man.

1. *Peti.* Come first let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.

4

2. *Peti.* I pray God saue the good Duke *Humphries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the *Queene*.

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the *Queene*, and they
take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues
him their writings.

8

1. *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. *Peti.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors
Grace.

12

Queene. Are your suites to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.

Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done?

16

2. *Peti.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them

Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
But what say you?

20

Peter Thump. Marry fir I come to tel you that my maister said,
that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and
that the King was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.

24

Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day
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2 Hen. VI.
I. ii.

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I. iii.

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†II. iii 29

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The first part of the contention of the two famous
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our
garret,

Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whole within there ?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the King.

Exet with the Armourers man.

Now fir what yours? Let me see it,
Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the com-
mons of long Melford.

How now fir knaue,-

1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a
Messenger for the whole town-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petitions to Duke *Humphrey*.
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pefants write against me thus.

Exet Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of *Suffolke*, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarfe will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the *Queene*.
The other day she wanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any grieve of minde be like to this.

Itell

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Houſes, of Yorke and Lancaſter.

I tell thee *Poull*, when thou didſt runne at Tilt,
And ſtoſt away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of *France*.

Suffolke. Madame content your ſelfe a litle while,
As I was cauſe of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,
I haue ſet lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long ſhall vnderſtand.
But ſtaie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerſet* on both ſides of the King, whiſpering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Eluor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicks*, and the Cardinall of *VVincheſter*.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke*, or *Somerſet*, allſ wonne to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himſelfe,
Let *Somerſet* enioy his place and go to *France*.

Somerſet. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

VVarwicke. VVhom ſoeuer you account worthie,
Yorke is the vvorthieſt.

Cardinall. Peaſe *VVarwicke*. Giue thy betters leaue to ſpeake.

VVar. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.

VVar. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvere beſt that *Somerſet* vvere Regent ouer *France*.

Humphrey. Madame onr King is old inough himſelfe,
To giue his anſvere vvithout your conſent.

Queene. If he be old inough, vvhat needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him ſo long.

B 3

Humphrey

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The first part of the contention of the two famous
Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
 And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.
Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,
 As who is King but thee. The common state
 Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
 And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,
 And as for the Regentship of *France*,
 I say *Somerset* is more worthie then *Torke*.
Torke. Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthie,
 Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.
War. And yet the worthie deeds that *Tork* hath done,
 Should make him worthie to be honoured here.
Suffolke. Peace headstrong *VVarwicke*.
VVar Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?
Suffolke. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
 Pray God the Duke of *Torke* do cleare himselfe.
 Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.
 Enter the Armourer and his man.
 If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of
 high Treason, And his words were these.
 That the Duke of *Torke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and
 that your grace was an vsurper.
Torke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the
 the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?
Armour. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such
 matter, Cod is my vvittnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain
Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so. (here.
Torke. I beseech your grace, let him haue the lavv.
Armour. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the vvords,
 my accuser is my prentise, & vvhen I did correct him for his
 fault the other day, he did vovv vpon his knees that he vvould
 be euen vvith me, I haue good vvittnesse of this, and therefore
 I beseech your Maiestie do not cast avway an honest man for
 a villaines accusation.
King. Vnckle *Gloster*, vvhat do you thinke of this?

Humphrey.

Houses, of York and Lancaster.

124 *Humphrey.* The lavv my Lord is this by cafe, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or vvrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With *Eben* staues, and *Standbags* combatting
128 In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

Exet Humphrey.

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†210

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Armour. And I accept the Combat vwillingly.

216

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

†217.

Suffolke. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:

†222

132 Go take them hence againe to prison. *Exet vwith them.*

†223

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of
Gloster, a boxe on the eare.

133 *Queene.* Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see?
She strikes her.

†141

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

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136 *Elnor.* Did you not proud French-vvoman,

Could I come neare your daintie village vwith my nayles,

†144

I de set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It vvas against her vvill.

140 *Elnor.* Against her vvill. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.

†147-8

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144 But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.

150

Exet Elnor.

King. Beleeue me my loue, thou vvart much to blame,
I vvould not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

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*

Enter Duke Humphrey.

148 But see vvhere he comes, I am glad he met her not.
Vnckle *Gloster*, vvhat ansvvere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France*,
151 Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

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Humphrey.

16.
2 Hen. VI.
I. iii.

Sc. iii.

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*The first part of the contention of the two famous
Humphrey.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspicion on the part of *Torke*,
Let *Somerset* be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and *Torke* may cleare himselfe
King. Then be it so my Lord of *Somerset*.
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of *France*.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.
Somerset. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to *France*.

Exet Somerset.

King. Come vnckle *Gloster*, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day.

Exet omnes.

I. iv.

Enter *Elnor*, with sir *Iohn Ham*, *Roger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer,
and *Margery Iourdaime* a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir *Iohn*, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then *Roger Bullinbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a Circle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the duels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullen

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Sc. iv.

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†St. D.

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Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.

Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sofetus* lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
riseth vp.

Spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do?

Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues that *Henry* shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Spirit. By water shall he die and take his ende.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe,
He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his fire Waggon sits.

Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,

The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stykes,

There howle and burne for euer in those flames,

Rise *Jordaine* rise, and staie thy charming Spels.

Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of
Buckingham, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,

This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?

This will be great credit for your husband,

That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,

The King shall haue notice of this thing.

Exit Elnor aboute.

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.

2 Hen VI.
I. iv.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exet with them.

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exet Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirha, go will the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, to
sup with me to night.

Exet Yorke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exet.

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,
and Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardi-
nall, as if they came from hawking.*

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last fight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,

And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did fore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suffolke. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can fore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on
a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smoothe it thus
with King and common-wealth.

Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

Humphrey.

II. i.

Sc. iv.

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Sc. v.

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*Houses, of Yorks and Lancaster.**Humphrey.* As how, my Lord?*Suffolke.* As you, my Lord, And it like your Lordly
Lords Protectorship.*Humphrey.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on
earth.*Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.*Humphrey.* Faith holy vncle, I would it were come to that,*Cardinall.* Euen when thou darest.*Humphrey.* Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer
brooke the dare.*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and some to Iohn of
Gaunt.*Humph.* In Bastardie.*Cardin.* I scorne thy words.*Humph.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own
person meete me at the East end of the groue.*Card.* Heres my hand, I will.*King.* Why how now Lords?*Card.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone,
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord
and buckler.*Humphrey.* Faith Priest, Ile shawe your Crowne.*Cardinall.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle,

How now, now firrha, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.*King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord
with him.Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with
Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind,
betweene two in a chaire.*King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* fir, in the North.

Humph. At *Barwicke*, and come thus far for helpe.

Poore man. I fir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint *Albones*, should giue me my sight againe.

Humphrey. What art thou lame too?

Poore man. I indeed fir, God helpe me.

Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?

Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.

Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

Poore man. Neuer but once fir in all my life,

My wife did long for plums.

Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

Poore man. I truly fir.

Woman. I indeed fir, he was borne blinde.

Humphrey. What art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife fir.

Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.

Humphrey. And his cloake?

Poore man. Why thats greene.

Humphrey. And what colours his hose?

Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?

Poore man. Blacke fir, as blacke as leat.

King. Then belike he knowes what colour leat is on.

Suffolke. And yet I thinke leat did he neuer see.

Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a
But tell me firrha, whats my name? (one.

Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.

Humphrey. Whats his name?

Poore man. I know not,

Humphrey. Nor his?

96 *Poore man.* No truly fir,
Humphrey Nor his name?
Poore man No indeed maister.
Humphrey Whats thine owne name?
Poore man. Sander, and it please you maister.
100 *Humphrey.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Chri-
stendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue
knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo
104 weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate
them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a
Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that
could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.
Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.
108 *Humphrey.* My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne.
And things called whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.
112 *Humph.* Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight,
Exet one.
Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
116 Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.
Enter Beadle.
Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
Humph. Well fir, we must haue you finde your legges.
120 Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.
Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet
quickly.
Poore man. Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.
After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer
the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him,
crying, A miracle, a miracle.
124 *Hump.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt
through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he
was borne.
127 *Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord.

Exet Mayor.
Suffolke

2 Hen. VI.

II. I. †161

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

Suffolke. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

Humph. I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole
Dukedomes flie in a day.

Witnesse France.

King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham.

What newes brings Duke Humfrey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,

That proud dame Elnor our Protector's wife,

Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,

By vviccrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,

Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,

To tell her what hap should betide the state,

But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,

By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,

And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

King. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Reads. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,

Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By water shall he die and take his end.

Suffolke. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?

It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

King. Let Somerset shun Castles,

For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Card. Heres good stufte, how novv my Lord Protector

This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,

I am in doubt youle scarfly keepe your promise,

Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vige my griefe,

And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,

For here I svveare vnto your Maiestie,

That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes

Which my ambitious vvife hath falsly done,

And for she vvould betraie her soueraigne Lord,

I here renounce her from my bed and boord,

And

Sc. v.

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164

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

165

And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnlesse the cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

168

King. Come my Lords this night vveele lodge in S. Albones,
And to morrov vve vwill ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along vvith vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

171

Exet omnes.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of
Salsbury and VVarwicke.*

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by liniall descent.

4

VVar Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus my Lords.

8

Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first vvas Edvvard the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.

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The second vvas Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.

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The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

The fourth vvas Iohn of Gaunt,

The Duke of Lancaster.

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The fifth vvas Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.

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The sixt vvas sir Thomas of Woodstocke.

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William of Winfore vvas the seuenth and last.

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Novv, Edvvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left
behinde him Richard, that aftervvards vvas King, Crownde by
the name of Richard the second, and he died vvithout an heire.

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Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him tvvo
daughters, Anne and Elinor.

24

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne,
and Elinor, that vvas after married to my father, and by her I
claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke
of

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancanster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimide the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomplret Castle harmelesse Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancanster vnto the Crowne.

Sal. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But so it fortunied then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne, But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

Warwicke. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancanster.

War. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare, Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right, Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood, That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why my minde presageth I shall liue To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England, but

Houses, of York and Lancaster.

but the King. Come lets goe.

Exet omnes.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Queene, Duke *Humphrey*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, the *Cardinall*, and Dame *Elnor Cobham*, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of *York*, and the Earles of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke*.

King. Stand foorth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Duches of *Gloster*, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to end thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exet some with Elnor.

King. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad, In that these Treasons thus are come to light, Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head, For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue awhile, To leaue your grace, and to depart away, For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart, And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell, And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please, Yet ere thou goest, *Humphrey* resigne thy staffe, For *Henry* will be no more protected, The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Humph. My staffe, I noble *Henry*, my life and all, My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine, As erst thy noble father made it mine, And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it, As others would ambitiously receiue it, And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,

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May

The first part of the contention of the two famous

May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,

No lesse beloued of vs, then when

Thou weart Protector ouer my land.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,

Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day

That was appointed for the combating

Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,

And they are readie when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-bag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough. (*Sacke.*

2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke And be merry, and feare not your man.

Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all, And a figge for Peter.

1. *Prentise.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.

3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter, And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more, Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer, And Will, thou shalt haue my aterne, and here Tom, Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, whats thy name?

Petr. Peter forsooth.

Salbury. Peter, what more?

Peter.

Sc. vii.*Houses, of Torke and Lancaster.**Peter. Thumpe.**Salsbury. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.*

64 *Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for be-
fore we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come
hither as it were of my mans infligation, to proue my selfe an ho-
nest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with down
right blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.*

*Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his sence alreadie.**Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.**Armour. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. He dies.*

72 *Peter. O God I giue thee praise. He kneeles downe.*

Pren. Ho well done Peter, God saue the King.

76 *King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.*

Exet omnis.

79 *Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in
mourning cloakes.*

*Humph. Sirrha, whats a clocke?**Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.*

4 *Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiest people gazing on thy face,
8 With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.*

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about
her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on
her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes
of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with billes and
holbards.*

12 *Seruing. My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, wee take her from the Sheriffes?*

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Humphrey

27.

2 Hen. VI.
III. ii.

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II. iv.

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

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Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?

Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief.
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.

The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,

And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.

Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulse, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Humphrey. My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest.
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,

And

Houses, of York and Lancaster.

And fie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parliament
holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

Humphrey. A Parliament and our consent neuer craude
Therein before. This is sodeine.

Well, we will be there.

Exet. Herald.

Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my
Lady, then the course of law extends.

Sheriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

Humphrey. Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

Standly. I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreede,
And I am so commanded by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,
In that I intreat you to vse her well.

The world may smile againe and I may liue,

To do you fauour if you do it her,

And so sir Iohn farewell.

Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farwell.

Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

Exet Humphrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Closter gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

Standly. Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

Elnor. Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:

But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

Exet omnes.

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the
Duke

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† 70

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† 72-3

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† 81-2

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† 83-4

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† 100

† 103

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

+1 *King.* I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.
+4 *Queene.* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
+6 How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?
+9 The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
* That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
+13 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
14 When euery one will giue the time of day,
* And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
+28 See you not how the Commons follow him
* In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,
* And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,
* Honouring him as if he were their King.
+20 Gloster is no litle man in England,
+29 And if he list to stir commotions,
+30 Tys likely that the people will follow him.
+34 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
+36 Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.
39 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
+40 Disproue my Alligations if you can,
* And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,
* I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
+42 *Suffol.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
+ And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
44 I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
+53 Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.
56 No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
57 Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somersfet.

83 *King.* Welcome Lord Somersfet, what newes from France?
* *Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
+84 That all your holds and Townes within those Territores
+ Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

King.

Houſes, of Yorke and Lancaſter.

32

King. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerſet,
But Gods will be done.

† 86

Torke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

87

† 88

Enter Duke Humphrey.

36

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue ſtaid ſo long.

† 94

Suffol. Nay, Gloſter know, that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arreſt thee on high treaſon here.

96

40

Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accuſers?

†

† 99

† 103

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York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their paie,
By which his Maieſtie hath loſt all France.

†

† 106

44

•

Humph. Is it but thought ſo, and who are they that thinke ſo?

† 107

•

So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night

† 110

48

Euer intending good for England ſtill,

† 111

That penie that euer I tooke from France,

† 109, 112

Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.

† 114

I neuer robd the ſoldiers of their paie,

108

52

Many a pound of mine owne proper coſt

† 115

Haue I ſent ouer for the ſoldiers wants,

† 117

Be cauſe I would not racke the needie Commons.

† 116

56

Car. In your Proteſtorſhip you did deuife

121

56

Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes

†

England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

†

Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilſt I was proteſtor

† 124

Pitie was all the fault that was in me,

125

60

A murderer or foule felonous theefe,

† 128-9

That robs and murders ſilly paſſengers,

† 129

I tortord aboute the rate of common law.

† 131-2

64

Suffolk. Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,

†

64

But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,

† 134

I do arreſt thee on high treaſon here,

† 136

And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,

†

Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.

† 138

68

King. Good vnkle obey to his arreſt,

*

I haue

The first part of the contention of the two famous

† 140

I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

69

†

† 142

Hump. Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,

† 148

And would my death might end these miseries,

72

*

And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,

† 151

But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,

† 152

And thousands more must follow after me,

† 152

That dreads not yet their liues destruction.

76

† 155

Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,

† 154

Bewfords fire eyes shoves his enuious minde,

† 156

Buckinghames proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,

† 158

And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone

80

† 159

Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.

† 163

All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:

† 161

And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,

† 162

Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,

84

† 168

I shall not want false witnesses inough,

† 167

That so amongst you, you may haue my life.

† 170

The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,

171

A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

88

† 178

Suffolke. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,

†

As if that she with ignomious wrong,

† 180

Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

† 182

Queene. I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

92

183

Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,

† 184

Beshrovv the vvinner's hearts, they plaie me false.

† 186

Buck. Hele vvrest the sence and keep vs here all day,

†

My Lord of Winchester, see him sent avvay.

96

† 188

Car. Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey.

†

And see him garded sure vvithin my house.

† 189

Humph. O! thus King Henry casts avvay his crouch,

†

Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,

100

†

And puts his vvatchfull shepheard from his side,

† 192

Whilst vvolumes stand snarring vvho shall bite him first.

†

Farvvell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,

†

Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

104

† 195

Exet Humphrey, vvith the Cardinals men.

King. My Lords what to your vvifdoms shal seem best,

Do

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

Queen. What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieffe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

Exet King, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Queen. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.

Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.

In mine opinion it were good he dide,

For safetic of our King and Common-wealth.

Suffolke. And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,

If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,

Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:

And it may be by pollicie he workes,

To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,

The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lambe,

But if we take him ere he do the deed,

We should not question if that he should liue.

No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,

Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,

For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. How now surha, what newes?

Messen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,

The wilde Oncle my Lords, is vp in Armes,

With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,

Doth plant themselves within the English pale.

Queen. What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?

Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset

That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,

And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.

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+282-3

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+291

The first part of the contention of the two famous

To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.

Somer. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

Somer. I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouern'd worse then I.

Yorke. What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wishesth shame.

Queene. Somerset forbear, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke. Well Madame sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.

Queene. Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

Buck. Madame I will, and leaue such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?

Yorke. At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.

Buc. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

Exet Buckingham.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham,

Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
Twere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

Exet omnis, Manit Yorke.

Yorke. Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
Twass men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,

Vnder

H onses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

176 Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,
 To raise commotion, and by that meanes
 I shall perceiue how the common people
 Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
 180 Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
 From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
 To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,
 Now if he should be taken and condemnd,
 184 Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
 And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
 To put in practise and to gather head,
 That so soone as I am gone he may begin
 188 To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,
 To helpe him to performe this enterprife.
 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
 None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
 192 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe

Exet Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humbrey* is discouered
 in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him
 in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

Suffolk. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Suffolke. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
 That when the King comes, he may perceiue
 No other, but that he dide of his owne accord

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
 And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exet murtherers.

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and
 the Duke of *Somerset*, and the Cardinall.

King. My Lord of *Suffolke* go call our vnkle Gloster,
 Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe,

Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exet Suffolke.*

(Gloster)

King. And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle.
 Then

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

The King fallies in a sound.

Queen. Ay-me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

Suffolke. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry comfort.

King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,

And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voice,

Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:

Thou balefull messenger out of my fight,

For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,

Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske

And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,

As if that he had caused Duke Humphreys death?

The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,

And you had best say that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,

What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,

Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds.

What might it bode, but that well foretelling

Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of Warwick and Salisbury.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hieue of bees,

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,

For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report

To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,

But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priue chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

48 Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

Salb. I will sonne.

Exet Salisbury.

Warwicke drawes the curtaines and shoves Duke
Humphrey in his bed.

King. Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule.

Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

52 *War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

56 *Suffolk.* A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
60 But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
64 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

68 *War.* I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
72 And sees ~~hard~~ by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
76 Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragicdie.

Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

80 *Suffolke.* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
84 That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,

†134-5

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

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Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

Exet Cardinall.

VVar. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?

Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

VVar. Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie,

Suffolke. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

VVar. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my foueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou means,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suffol. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

VVar. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exet Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons
within, cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*.
And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *VVar-*
wicke, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?

Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me mightie foueraigne i

The

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

The Commons againe cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*. And then enter from them, the Earle of *Salbury*.

Salb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false *Suffolke* here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke *Humphrey* died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour *Salsbury* hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries, an answere from the King,
my Lord of *Salsbury*.

King. Good *Salsbury* go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If *Suffolke* be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

Exet Salisbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle *Suffolkes* banishment.

King. Vngentle *Queene* to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke* and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exet King and V Warwicke, Manet Queene and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,

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303

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,

I would inuent as many bitter termes

Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,

With twise so many signes of deadly hate,

As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,

My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,

And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,

And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,

Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.

Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees.

Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.

Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.

And boding scrike-oules make the comfort full.

All the foule terrors in darke seated hell. (selfe.

Queene. Inough sweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy

Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?

Now by this ground that I am banisht from,

Well could I curse away a winters night,

And standing naked on a mountaine top,

Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,

And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,

Or liue where thou wilt vvithin this vvorldes globe,

Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,

And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,

Or venture to be banished my selfe.

Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,

That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.

Avvay, I say, that I may feele my grieffe,

For it is nothing vvhilst thou standest here.

Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,

Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

Enter *Vanfe.*

Queene.

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Queen. How now, whither goes Vawfe so fast?

Vawfe. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,

That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And vvhispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloude for him.

Queen. Go then good Vawfe and certifie the King.

Exet Vawfe.

Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men must die,
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende,
But vvhy mourne I for him, vvhillst thou art here?
Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?

Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the nev v borne babe,
That dies vvith mothers dugge betvvene his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or vvith thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in svveete Elyziam,
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,
O let me staie, befall, vvhat may befall.

Queen. Oh mightst thou staie vvith safetie of thy life,
Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

Suff. I goe.

Queen. And take my heart vvith thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A ieuuell lockt into the vvofulst caske,
That euer yet containde a thing of vvooorth,

Thus

+ 367

369

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+ 373

375

+ 374

+ 377

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+ 379

+ 380

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+ 381

+ 386, 405

+ 386-7

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+ 389-90

+ 392

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+ 395

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+ 398

+ 400

+

402

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408

409

+

2 Hen. VI.

III. ii. ⁺⁴¹¹⁺⁴¹²III. iii.^{+2, 4}^{+2, 3}

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¹⁰^{+17, 18}

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⁺¹⁵

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⁺²⁴⁺²⁷

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⁺²⁹⁺²⁹⁺³⁰

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⁺³¹⁺³²

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IV. i.⁺⁸

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⁺¹²*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.

This way fall I to death.

*Exet Suffolke.**Queene.* This way for me.*Exet Queene.*Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare, Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.*King.* Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled, Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no:

Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh see where duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,

So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Salb. So bad an ende did neuer none behold,

But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,

For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

Exet omnes.

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,

Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.

This

Sc. x.

218

220

Sc. xi.

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8.

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Sc. xii.

3

4 This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
 And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue tills man,
 And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.
Suffolke. Water! He starteth.
 8 *Water.* How now, what doest feare me?
 Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
 I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
 12 That by Water I should die:
 Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
 Thy name being rightly founded,
 Is Gualter, not Water.
 16 *Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,
 I am the man must bring thee to thy death.
Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
 Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.
 20 *Water.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
 And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
 Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
 2. *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?
 24 *Mai.* A hundreth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.
 2. *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.
Water. Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome
 I will haue.
 28 *Suff.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
 The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.
Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.
Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
 32 Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?
Cap. I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.
Suf. Bafe ladie groome, King Henries blood
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,
 36 Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
 I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
 I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.
Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
 40 And on our long boates side, chop off his head.
Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.

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†118

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†15

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†23

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†47

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49

†32, 50

51

†32, 50

†113

†114

†46, 68

†68-9

69

The first part of the contention of the two famous

70

Cap. Yes Poull.

42

Suffolke. Poull.

+70-1

Cap. I Poull, puddle kennell, sinke and durt,

44

+73

He stop that yawning mouth of thine,

+75

Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that

76

Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,

48

*

Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

+106

Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,

+

Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

+108

The great Masadonian Pyrate,

52

+112

Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*

Cap. I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

+116-7

Suffolke. Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,

+118

When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?

56

+119

Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?

+

And barehead plodded by my footcloth Mule,

+121

And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?

+123

This hand hath writ in thy defence,

60

+124

Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

+125

Cap. Away with him Water, I say, and off with his hed.

+126

1. Priso. Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

+127

Suffolke. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,

64

+

Before this knee do bow to any,

126

Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:

+128

Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade

*(52)

To such a Ladie groome.

68

+131

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake,

*(29)

I long to haue his head for ranfome of mine eye.

+135

Suffolk. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,

72

Murthered sweete Tully.

136-7

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Caesar,

+138

And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

Exet Suffolke, and VWater.

+142-3

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,

75

*(139-40)

And ranfomelesse this prisoner shall go free,

*

To see it safe deliuered vnto her.

+144

Come lets goe.

Exet omnes.

78

Enter

Houses, of York and Lancaster.

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and provide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now, But firrha George whats the matter?

George. Why firrha, lack Cade the Diar of Ashford here, He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare, T was neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp,

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

Nick. But firrha, who comes more beside lacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, as soone as lacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter *lacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, VVill, Tom,*

Harry and the rest, with long staves.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.

VVill. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe, She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much,

George. Thats true I know he can endure any thing, For I haue seene him whipt two market daies together.

F 3

Cade.

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†48-9

†50-1

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†62

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire

VVill. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter VVill with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whose that Will?

VVill. The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.
Now sir, whats your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you,
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name?
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,
Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke.

Exet one with the Clarke.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade.

Houſes, of Yorke and Lancaſter.

- 72 *Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?
Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.
Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my ſelfe knight.
 76 Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
 Riſe vp fir Iohn Mortemer.
 Is there any more of them that be Knights?
Tom. I his brother.
- *He Knights Dicke Butcher,*
Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
 80 Riſe vp fir Dicke Butcher.
 Now ſound vp the Drumme.
 Enter fir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with
 Drumme and ſouldiers.
- 81 *Cade.* As for theſe ſilken coated ſlaues I paſſe not a pinne,
 Tis to you good people that I ſpeake.
Stafford. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
 84 To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
 Why his father was but a Brick-lai-er.
Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
 But I come of the Mortemers.
- 88 *Stafford.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.
Cade. The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my ſelfe,
 For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
 Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.
- 92 *Stafford.* Well, thats true: But what then?
Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.
Stafford. Thats falſe.
Cade. I, but I ſay, tis true.
- 96 *All.* Why then tis true.
Cade. And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
 And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
 Deny it and you can.
- 100 *Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,
 For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
 And the brickeſ are alieue at this day to teſtifie.
- 104 *Cade.* But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his
 fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes plaide at ſpanne-counter with
 Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee ſhall be King as long
 as

+ 125
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 + 127
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 + 128-9
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 + 136
 + 137
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 + 140, 153, 43
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 + 150-1
 + 154
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 + 157-8
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2 Hen. VI.

IV. ii.

†167-8

*(178)

†169-70

†172

†173

†176-7

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†179-80

†180-1

†182

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†186

†187

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IV. iii.

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IV. iv.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

as he liues Marry alwaies provided, ile be Protector ouer him.

Stafford. O monstrous simplicitie.

Cade. And tell him, wee le haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Stafford. As how I prethie?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not?

And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

Stafford. Well firrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Stafford. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes, That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

Exet Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come firs, saint George for vs and Kent.

Exet omnes.

Alarums to the battaile, and sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine. Then enter Lacke

Cade againe and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week, Drumme strike vp, for now wee le march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

Exet omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*, with others.

King.

Sc. xiii.

106

108

112

116

120

124

128

Sc. xiv.

Sc. xv.

Houses, of York and Lancaster.

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me.
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reads. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsurper, And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath sworne To Crowne him selfe King in Westminster, Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels. Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth. Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me. And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say. Come Madame, let vs go.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower walles walking.

Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

I. Citizen. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine, For they haue wonne the bridge, Killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower, To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,

G

But

2 Hen. VI.

IV. v.

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12

13

IV. vi.

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+ 2

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+ 9

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+ 14

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18

IV. vii.

+ 1-2

2-3

4

6

+ 16

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+ 38

+ 21

IV. ii. 74-5

The first part of the contention of the two famous

But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
 The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
 But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
 And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
 Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
 And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exet omnes.

Enter *Iacke Cade* and the rest, and strikes his sword
 vpon London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
 And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
 That the first yeare of our raigne,
 The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
 And now hence forward, it shall be treason
 For any that calles me any otherwise then
 Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him dovvne. (They kill him.

Dicke. My Lord, theirs an Army gathered together
 Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
 But first go on and fet London bridge a fire,
 And if you can, burne dovvne the Towver too.
 Come lets avway.

Exet omnes.

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the
 rest vvith him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* a-
 gain, and his company.

Cade. So, sirs novv go some and pull dovvn the Sauoy,
 Others to the Innes of the Court, dovvne vvith them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
 For that vvord.

Dicke. That vve may go burne all the Records,
 And that all vvriting may be put dovvne,
 And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforvvard all things shall be
 in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why

Sc. xvi.

Sc. xvii.

Sc. xviii.

. 12

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb
should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with
inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

16

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I
am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine
owne man since.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

. 20

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter George.

24

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

28

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue,
the Dolphin of France?

32

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer
schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings
Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be
said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades
of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and
such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.

36

And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace
in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their lining, and
because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for
which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-
cloth dost thou not?

40

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a
cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and
doublet.

44

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. *Bonum terum,* sounds whats that?

47

Dicke. He speakes French.

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+ " 88

+ " 89

+ " 90

" 91

+ 134-5

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+ 35

+ 36-7

+ 40-1

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+ 43

+ 44

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+ 48-50

+ 50-1

51

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+ 54-5

+ 55

+ 56

59

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+ 61

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+ 62-3

*The first part of the contention of the two famous**V Vill.* No tis Dutch.*Nicke.* No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'ft place of all this land,
Then noble Country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?*Say.* It is the pallie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen
with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I
haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapside and chop of
his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir James Cromer his
sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon
two poles presently. (Away with him.

Exit one or two, with the Lord *Say.*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see to me for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can

Enter Robin. (tell.*Robin.* O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.*Cade.* Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and
squench it.*Enter Dicke* and a Sargiant.*Sargiant.* Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this
fellow here.*Cade.* Why what has he done?*Sarg.* Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.*Dicke.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and and entred my Aftion in his wiues paper house.

Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,

Hough

Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exet with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and sir *Iames*
Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them
kisse together.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the
Earle of *Cumberland*.

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor *Cade*?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebelle here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forsake Cade.

Cade. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue posselt?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to Cade againe.

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winfore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company

2 Hen. VI.
IV. viii.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.

Come march away.

Exet omnes.

Enter King *Henry* and the Queene, and *Somerfet*.

King. Lord *Somerfet*, what newes here you of the Rebell *Cade*?

Som. This, my gracious Lord, that the Lord *Say* is don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.

King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell *Cade* had bene supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the
Rebels, with halters about their necks.

Cliff. Long liue King *Henry*, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

King. But tell me *Clifford*, is there Captaine here.

Cliff. No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations
are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thou-
sand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these
their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst *Henry* liues, and weares the English Crowne.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

King. Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne professions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie.

(Exet omnes.)

Enter

SC. xviii.

114

116

120

122

SC. xix.

4

8

9

12

16

20

24

26

Enter *Iacke Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maister *Alexander Eyden* and his men, and *Iack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Is't not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fīue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fīue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that *Alexander Eyden* an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chīnes of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way. (They fight, and *Cade* fals downe.

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chīualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fīue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for *Iacke Cade* must die. (He dies.

Eyden. *Iack Cade*, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it to the King. *Exet.* Enter

† 18

† 20

† 21

*

† 18

† 26

† 28

† 31

† 31-2

† 33. 38

† 35

† 36

† 38

† 39

40-1

†

43-4

†

† 47, 50

*

*

† 59-60

† 67

† 62-3

*

† 64, 78

† 64

† 65-6

† 66-7

† 69

† 71

† 72

† 73

† 86-8

† 88-9

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and souldiers,

+ 1

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes *Yorke* againe,

+ 3

Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

+

To entertaine faire Englands royall King.

+ 5

Ah *Santa Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

4

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*.

+ 12

But soft, who comes here *Buckingham*, what newes with him?

+ 14

Buc. *Yorke*, if thou meane well, I grette thee so.

5

+

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I svveare :

+ 16

What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

8

+

Buc. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,

+

Henry. To knowv the reason of these Armes in peace?

+ 19

Or that thou being a subiect as I am,

+ 22

Shouldst thus approach so neare vvith colours spread,

12

*

Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*

Yorke. A subiect as he is.

+ 25

Oh howv I hate these spitefull abiect termes,

*

But *Yorke* dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,

16

*

Who novv in Armes expect their fathers sight,

*

And not farre hence I knowv they cannot be.

+ 32

Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

+ 33-4

That I ansvvearde not at first, my mind vvwas troubled,

20

+ 62

I came to remoue that monstrous Rebelle Cade,

+ 61, 36

And heave proud *Somerfet* from out the Court,

*

That basely yellected vp the Towvnes in France.

+ 38

Buc. Why that vvwas presumption on thy behalfe,

24

+

But if it be no othervvise but so,

+ 40

The King doth pardon thee, and grant to thy request,

+

And *Somerfet* is sent vnto the Towver.

+

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?

28

+

Buc. *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

+ 44

Yorke. Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,

+ 46

Sirs, meete me to morrov in saint Georges fields,

+ 47

And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

32

Exit souldiers.

+ 54

Buc. Come *York*, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,

+

But see, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.

34

Enter

Enter King Henry.

King. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath dischargd his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that vvere vp.

King. Then vwelcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister Eyden vvith Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

King. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That hast subdued that vicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life,
Did vvorke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Presageth vvarlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy revvard,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.

Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhat's thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme revvard that vvvas proclaimde,
For those that could performe this vvorthie act,
And thou shalt vvaight vpon the person of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to my king. (*Exet.*)

Enter the Queene vvith the Duke of Somerset.

King. O Buckingham see vvhere Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

H

Queene.

† 56

† 57

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† 61

† 62

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† 69

† 70

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† 77

† 78, 79

† 74

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† 78

† 79

† 80

† 92

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† 80

† 92

*

† 83

†

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?

Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,

By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:

I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,

Nor will I subiect be to such a King,

That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,

Religne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,

That thou vsurped hast so long by force,

For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,

And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

Somer. Proud Traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,

Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,

For here I swear, thou shalt vnto the Tower,

For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,

And send thee there in dispight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke's* sonnes, *Edward* the Earle of *March*, and
crook-backe *Richard*, at the one doore, with Drumme and sol-
diers, and at the other doore, enter *Clifford* and his sonne, with
Drumme and souldiers, and *Clifford* kneeles to *Henry*, and
speakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,

If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus

To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

Queene. He is arrested, but will not obey,

His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?

Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

Richard.

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

104 *Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselſe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haſt,
Both thou and they, ſhall curſe this fatal ſhoure.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salſbury* and *Warwicke*, with
Drumme and ſouldiers, And at the other, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with Drumme and ſouldiers.

108 *Cliff.* Are theſe thy beares? wee ſee bayte them ſoone,
Diſpight of thee and all the friends thou haſt.

War. You had beſt go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempeſt of the field.

112 *Clif.* I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſhold badge.

116 *War.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuels creſt,
The Rampant Beare chaine to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cedar ſhowes,
120 That keepeſ his leaues in ſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfooote with all contempt,
124 Diſpight the Beare-ward that proteſts him ſo.

Young Clif. And ſo renowned ſoueraigne to Armes,
To quell theſe Traitors and their compleaſes.

128 *Richard.* Fie, Charitie for ſhame, ſpeake it not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſus Chriſt to night.

Young Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canſt not tell.

130 *Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, you ſhall ſurely ſup in hell.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of *Somerſet*
and *Richard* fighting, and *Richard* kilſ him vnder the ſigne of
the Caſtle in ſaint *Albones*.

Rich. So Lie thou there, and breathe thy laſt.
Whatſ here, the ſigne of the Caſtle?
3 Then the propheticke is come to paſſe,

H 2

For

+140

+144

192

193

*

+148

*

+196

+197

200

+

204

208

+

+

+

+212

+

+

+

+216

+

+68

*

*

The first part of the contention of the two famous

For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wiffard famous by his death.

Exet.

Alarum again, and enter the Earle of
Warwicke alone.

Var. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarums,
And dead mens cries do fill the empirie aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with
his murthering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde
thee out,

Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter Torke.

Var. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?

Torke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to
fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

Var. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell, as I intend to prosper well to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.

Exet Warwicke.

Torke. Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,

Be

33 Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.

36 *Clifford.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoyle the hatefull house of Yorke.

Alarmes, and they fight, and *Yorke* kills *Clifford*.

40 *Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

Exet Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter yoong *Clifford* alone.

44 *Yoong Clifford.* Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O! dismall fight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
48 Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
52 And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.
55 And thus as old Ankyfes sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
56 Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter *Richard*, and then *Clifford* laies downe his father,
fights with him, and *Richard* flies away againe.

58 Out crookbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
61 Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

Exet yoong Clifford with his
father.

2 Hen. VI.
V. ii.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke
of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

† 12

Queene. Avvay my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make haft, for vengeance comes along vvith them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

62

† 81

King. Come then faire *Queene* to London let vs haft,
And sommon a Parliament vvith speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

66

Exet King and Queene.

V. iii.

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of

Torke and *Richard*.

Sc. xxiii.

*

Torke. Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,

*

I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,

*

And our great honour, that so long vve lost,

*

Whilst faint-heart *Henry* did vsurpe our rights:

4

† 1, 7

But did you see old *Salsbury*, since we

*

With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,

*

I would not for the losse of this right hand,

*

That ought but well betide that good old man.

8

† 11

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,

*

Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,

† 8

And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,

*

And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,

12

† 11

And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,

*

The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter Salsbury and Warwick.

*

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,

*

The onely props vnto the house of *Yorke*.

16

† 15

Salf. Well haft thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,

*

And thou braue bud of *Yorke*s encreasing house,

*

The small remainder of my weary life,

*

I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,

20

† 18

Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

† 24

Torke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?

†

There as I here to hold a Parliament.

23

What

Houses, of Torke and Lancaster.

24 What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

VVar. After them, nay before them if we can.

Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,

28 Shall be eternest in all age to come,

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,

30 And more such daies as these to vs befall.

Exet omnes.

FINIS.



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